And turnd that blacke word death to baniſhment:
This is meere mercie, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom: Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere
Where *Iuliet* liues: and euerie cat and dog,
And little mouſe, euerie vnworthie thing
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip liues
In carrion flyes, than *Romeo*: they may ſeaze
On the white wonder of faire *Iuliets* skinne,
And ſteale immortall kiſſes from her lips;
But *Romeo* may not, he is baniſhed.
Flies may doo this, but I from this muſt flye.
Oh Father hadſt thou no ſtrong poyſon mixt,
No ſharpe ground knife, no preſent meane of death,
Though nere ſo meane, but baniſhment
To torture me withall: ah, baniſhed.
O Frier, the damned vſe that word in hell:
Howling attends it. How hadſt thou the heart,
Being a Diuine, a ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A ſinne abſo'uer, and my frend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word, Baniſhment?
Fr: Thou fond mad man, heare me but ſpeake a word,
Rom: O, thou wilt talke againe of Baniſhment.
Fr: Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word,
Aduerſities ſweete milke, philoſophie,
To comfort thee though thou be baniſhed.
Rom: Yet Baniſhed? hang vp philoſophie,
Vnleſſe philoſophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Diſplant a Towne, reuerſe a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fr: O, now I ſee that madmen haue no eares.
Rom: How ſhould they, when that wiſe men haue no eyes.
Fr: Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Rom: Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feele.

Wert

Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy Loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdred,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then mightſt thou ſpeake, then mightſt thou teare thy hayre.
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the meaſure of an vnmade graue.

Nurſe knockes.

Fr: *Romeo* ariſe, ſtand vp thou wilt be taken,
I heare one knocke, ariſe and get thee gone.
Nu: Hoe Fryer.
Fr: Gods will what wilfulnes is this?

Shee knockes againe.

Nur: Hoe Fryer open the doore,
Fr: By and by I come. Who is there?
Nur: One from Lady *Iuliet*.
Fr: Then come neare.
Nur: Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,
Where is my Ladies Lord? Wher's *Romeo*?
Fr: There on the ground, with his owne teares made drunke.
Nur: Oh he is euen in my Miſtreſſe caſe.
Iuſt in her caſe. Oh wofull ſimpathy,
Pitteous predicament, euen ſo lyes ſhee,
Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping:
Stand vp, ſtand vp, ſtand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand,
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an *O*.

He riſes.

Romeo: Nurſe.
Nur: Ah ſir, ah ſir. Wel death's the end of all.

Rom:

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